

Pulaski Citizen.

L. W. McCORD, Editor and Publisher.

First in the right the Printing Press should be,
The tyrant's foe, the champion of the free;
Faithful and constant to its sacred trust—
Calm in its utterance, in its judgments just;
Wise in its teaching; incorrupt and strong
To speed the right and to denounce the wrong.

PULASKI, TENN.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 4th, 1886.

For the Pulaski Citizen.

My Sabbath Morn Lesson.

MATTHEW, CH. XXVIII.

"Was upon this holy day

"The Lord of glory rose;

Triumphed o'er death, the grave—

Vanquished all his foes:

"Then cometh Mary Magdalene,

And the other Mary to see;

The new white sash, where

Where Jesus of Nazareth lay."

An Angel then from Heaven

Spoke—"I know whom ye seek;

He is not here—but risen;"

The lowly lamb so meek.

"Go now, tell His disciples,

(But behold, first, where He lay.)

He has arisen—goeth before

Into Galilee.

Quickly they go to tell them:

All hail! their Lord they meet,

And before father going

They worship at his feet.

The Roman guards, by bribery,

Were even taught to say—

"His disciples came by night

And stole his body away."

So they took the money

And did as they were taught;

The name is still reported

Among the Jews till yet.

But away into Galilee,

At an appointed place,

The troubled Eleven meet

The risen Saviour's face.

And saith He unto them—

"All power now is given

To me, in all the earth,

Above you in the Heavens:

Go, therefore, all nations teach—

Baptizing in the name

Of Father, Son, Holy Ghost—

Three in one the same.

Now, who've received His word,

Let's no false impressions make—

Ne'er deny our Saviour, Lord,

For filthy lucre's sake.

But upon each Sabbath day,

As God's House let us meet;

And as pious Mary did—

Bow, worship at His feet.

DEAR CITIZEN:—If any worth or merit
are in the preceding lines found, please
give them an insertion. I do not anticipate,
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Is this? I, myself, am a farmer-boy,
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Mr. Editor, lest I weary you with my
unpolished pen, I'll close with same request
I used when a child at school—"Don't
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Cedar Hill, April 15, 1886.
Wax does a chicken three weeks, three
days and three hours old walk across the
road? To get on the other side.
It has been beautifully said that "the
veil which covers the face of futurity is
woven by the hand of mercy."

A substantial old Mississippi farmer dis-
poses of the negro race in the South in this
way: One quarter doing good work, one
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